

Miss Carnes



# THE WESLEYAN





April, 1938



VOLUME LII

Literary Publication of the World's Oldest Woman's College

SPRING

Edited by HELEN JONES

DOROTHY WINK, Business Manager

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Feature Editor .....Marian Waxelbaum  
Senior Literary Editor ..... Alberta Trulock  
Junior Literary Editor ..... Bascom Knight  
Freshman Literary Editor ....Virginia Clower

### BUSINESS STAFF

Circulation Editor ..... Mary Leila Gardner  
Advertising Manager ..... Olivia Reese  
Advertising Assistants:  
Louise Wilson ..... Adelaide Goodell  
Mary Heard Summers ..... Elizabeth Hodges  
Martha Graddy ..... Louisa Willingham  
Beth Belser ..... Eugenia Anderson  
Evelyn Rawlins ..... Florence Crisler

Published monthly by the students of Wesleyan College, Editorial and business office, Student Activities Building, Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.

## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
<b>STORY</b>		<b>POETRY</b>	
Preview, Helen Jones .....	4	A Crimson Flash, Mary Nell Sampley .....	3
<b>ARTICLE</b>		April, Edith Hoeflich .....	4
Detached Thoughts Upon Poets and Poetry, Alice Price .....	3	Crane, Lewis Lipps .....	5
<b>ESSAY</b>		"A Young Girl's Fancy"—page by Bascom Knight .....	7
Daffodills in the Rain, Dolores Schatzman .....	6	Compendium.	
<b>FEATURES</b>		Retaliation.	
Mrs. Pepys Diary, Joyce Turner .....	10	Reminiscing.	
The Shrine of a Modern Maiden, Edna Nell Richards .....	12	After April, Mary Leila Gardner .....	11
Scribes Page .....	8	Beauty Queen, Annie Comolli .....	11
<b>BOOK REVIEW</b>		When We Parted, Joyce Turner .....	12
The Citadel, Reviewed by Virginia Clower .....	9		
Exchange—Jeannette Deaver .....	9		

## RAIN ON THE FARM

He: Too much rain'll make the bolls on the cotton fall like October leaves. I hate this steady rain.

She: But, Simon, see there the birches shaking like puppies in the rain. Strange how pretty just a tree in the rain can be.

He: Cows bogging up in the pasture. Fence posts sagging 'round the corn field and the furrows running like pure rivers.

She: But there's a smell after it like no other one on earth—'ceptin maybe a forkful of fresh hay pitched skyward on a sunny day,—or passing Tucker's bog jest at dusk, when the sweet shrubs and Grancy Gray beards are blooming.

He: 'Pears like you'd get tired o' sticking so close to the house on a gray day like this one, nothing to do—nothing to see.

She: Nothing to see 'ceptin' watch the woodline down by the dairy get mistier and more like the Lord Almighty's gray robe jest spilling down from heaven and wrapping the earth in a blanket of green Bermuda and baby leaves on the trees. It's slow watching but taint so hard to do when you've the practice I have and inside eyes to see.



# Detached Thoughts Upon Poets and Poetry

(Slightly a la Lamb)

ALICE PRICE '40



OF ALL the kinds of thoughts in the world, the best to have from the standpoint of personal comfort is a *detached thought*. For of all the thoughts in the world it alone requires no justification, no exertion on the thinker's part, and indeed not even a source. The very word "detached" gives a pleasant driftiness and irresponsibility. In the midst of the dimmest and mistiest dissertation, in the absence of all understanding, in an absolute void indeed, one of these charming impertinences will present itself. And since it was reached by no conscious thought one feels no guilt or responsibility for it; and since it is a product of one's own imagination it agrees most delightfully with one's private opinions and the enjoyment of it is then complete.

Obviously it is the ideal medium for all thinking. With poets especially I never use any other. It is the only way to keep a poet in his place. And then there's such an added freshness to reading when these miniature Jack-in-the-boxes are always popping up with a new idea or hovering in the background with an old favorite.

One of their most constant tricks is suddenly with no excuse whatever to present a physical picture of the poet under consideration and then to hold to it through thick and thin. Things almost came to a duel over one of these pictures, I remember. It was Coleridge. I had finished *Kubla Khan* and was nearly through the *Ancient Mariner* when suddenly he appeared—a squatty, fat little fellow teetering on his heels, with both hands rammed into the pockets of a short black coat that flopped, his head slightly back to balance the forward-thrust hands, and a sleepily pugnacious

expression on his round face. I distinctly remember his hair and his nose. The hair was sparse and brown, and short enough to show an upward tendency. The nose was more than ordinarily large and a bit flat.

Imagine my indignation then to come upon Hazlitt brazenly describing him as "above the average height, with glos-

---

*A crimson flash  
In an ebon sky  
Rumbling and rolling  
The heavens cry out.  
Then darkness—  
And the patter of slow falling rain.*

—Mary Nell Sampley, '40.

---

sy, pendulous black hair, a purplish bloom on his face, and a nose that was small—feeble—nothing." The terrible thing being that Hazlitt gave these false details as an eye-witness. True he admitted that the coat was black, the man fat, the face round; but what were these in comparison with such major points as height and hair and nose? There could be no duel over it, but disagreement there was and is, to the death.

Something of the same disillusion came over Keats. He had always been tall and slim and shy, with high cheekbones and long thin fingers. And then sudden authority dwindled him down to a mere five feet! There was no anger over this outrage, possibly because Keats has always been a little shadowy—but there was a great sadness. Keats should be tall; to take away his height is to rob him of his atmosphere. There is scant comfort in thinking of his boyish fights

or his consumptive thinness; height and height alone can make him whole.

No such disappointment accompanied the figures of Wordsworth and Byron rising from their pages. Wordsworth came out tall and gaunt and grayish, with a long fine nose, deep eyes, and smiles rather than laughter about his lips. Byron is altogether different. Smaller and well-knit, done in dark tones except for the inevitable white shirt, and always in the same setting: poised on the highest edge of a peak and on the edge of ironic laughter, looking down below to an unseen and very private hell (also done in dark tones). His head is back—all the arrested motion speaks of daring; but there is pity in the picture just the same.

Of Shelley I see nothing. There was a picture once, but a sentence wiped it out. "Within a ten year span he had the whole burden of life and death to exhaust; he had all his suffering to suffer and all his work to work."

After all though is it so bad for a poet to die before he is gray-headed? Thirty years added nothing to Wordsworth, nothing to Coleridge. At least Keats and Shelley and Byron did not fade away like a foggy day.

Oh what an irritation gray hair in poetry is. And what an irritation poetry is, for that matter. The hoary *Ode To Duty* Wordsworth composed too late in life is a headache and a heckler, but it's much easier on the spirit than *The Cloud* and *Tintern Abbey* and *When I Have Fears*. Too much beauty at one time sours me on the world. Much, much better it is to read Lamb and get your pleasure gently. The poems are as drastic a dose as De Quincey's opium and Coleridge's dope, and more dangerous,



# Preview

HELEN C. JONES



EAREST Ken: Tomorrow you are getting married. I feel a laugh bubbling inside me when I think of your walking out into the solemnity of that beautiful garden with the climbing Talismans a flame of glory on the trellises, the stately gladioli formal, colorful markers for the aisle, and the snapdragons a riot of tangled beauty. How scared you're going to be, my love. You, the debonair, the suave. There are traces of it already. I saw your hand this afternoon lighting Lucia's cigarette. And I heard you make a banal remark to her, one of the few that has ever come from those finely chiseled lips. But I was relieved to see you smile at yourself with those cool gray eyes of yours as you caught yourself saying it. What a setting for a wedding, with the wateroaks casting cool shadows in the late afternoon sunshine—May.

Why am I rambling on so, when what I really want to do is to take this last moment of speaking to you and telling you what I've wanted to so many times this last busy season? How does one go about revealing things that are better left unsaid? What is this passion we all have to unravel, to explain? And so it is that I must tell you that it is you who are responsible for the two personalities that struggle within me—There are two individualities which have made my life somewhat different from what it would have been had I never known you. You are not responsible for the first one, only the second. But it is that second which has had such a time burying the first one. I can see you smiling with your tongue gently in your cheek, saying, "Revival of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Jane?" And at the moment as I see you saying it I hate that strange power you have always had over me. And I hate myself for feeling foolish and sixteen.

Do you remember the day we met,

Ken? That was the time you plucked me from beneath the barbed wire fence.

You had moved into Pine Ledge the week before. What fun the neighbors had had as they saw you shoot by in your sleek, black car. In jest they had you married to everyone of the girls in the neighborhood. Sally, Rosemary, and I were all destined to be yours, though we

---

## APRIL

*She looks into the river  
And nods into the glass.  
Her dress is green and silver;  
Her feet hide in the grass.*

*She nods and dances lightly;  
She glances at the sky.  
She blows her kisses gaily  
To every butterfly*

*She laughs and laughter trills  
Like bubbling water in a brook.  
Her arms are filled with daffodils—  
There's sunshine in her look.*

—Edith Hoeflich, 38.

---

knew really you'd never look at one of us. The thing that really convinced me of that was the glorious stable you made out of the old barn at Pine Ledge and the cleared paths that had had short pine trees in them before. That's why I wasn't particularly bothered when I took that dive under the fence and simply stayed there until help arrived. That it happened to be you created not much interest in me until you had picked up the strands of barbed wire in one hand and me in the other and had sat me down on a stump. "I was going to get out in a minute," I had primly said gingerly rubbing the places in my torn yellow shirt and faded brown slacks." But I do wish you'd see how much of me I left

on that fence," I added. "Just how did you manage to get so thoroughly wrapped up in that fence?" you laughed. I guess I must have been a sorry looking figure. We were walking along the creek by that time. I remember the autumn was like saucy, impudent little boy with sparkling blue eyes and red, wind-whipped cheeks. You had been hunting you said in your woods just to get acquainted with them. You carried your gun as easily as you carried your six feet, two.

"Oh, I was chasing a rabbit," I answered your question. You looked at me uncertain as to whether I were serious or not. When you saw that I was not really trying to be funny, you burst into sudden laughter. I concealed my dismay and we walked along. I remember being glad for the chase through the woods. The glow of good health must have fairly exuded from me. I saw your casual, appraising glance and deliberately ruffled my dark curls more. That was the beginning. You remember you asked me if I liked horses. My knowledge having been limited to Marý, our decrepit old mule, I was rather in a tight spot. But from that moment on I took the greatest interest in all manner of horseflesh. . . You taught me to ride. You introduced me to Jimmy Slade that first day as "the girl who chases rabbits." That remark characterized me then, if you'll go back with me. I had short, tousled curls that barely reached the tips of my ears. My brows were thick and straight. I smiled at everything. Like Browning's *Duchess* I suppose. "Her smiles went everywhere." I remember it wasn't long after I met you, you said I smiled too much. I began to change from that moment on. It wasn't that I was afraid of you or of what you might think of me. It was only that I felt that life had passed me by, that there was something lacking all those quiet months I had spent in business college and in a



real estate office. That fall passed in a dreamy haze. Excitement, fun,—football games, teas, pictures. It wasn't that I had not been used to them. It was that I had never had them flung at me so thick and so fast. They had seemed a part of life before, a necessary and pleasant segment, but not the whole picture. Now I seemed to live only for them. I wasn't with you the whole time. Wade, Burr, Jack, all fitted smoothly into the pattern. Of course I knew about Lucia. Even though she were in Florida her influence subtly threaded itself into the group. I didn't know the details about you and Lucia. At the moment I was content to grasp what poured thick and fast through my fingers, and I don't suppose I ever allowed myself to think. Winter came and as you had prophesied I would, I learned to ski and to take spills on the ice with the best of them at Jimmy's winter camp. I remember most of all the exterior changes that came. I had let my hair grow and it turned up into a sleek roll that set off the tiny hats with huge veils, and the swagger Dobbs I spent half a salary check on. I had no time to spend rambling in the woods or sitting on the rocks at the still pool above the fall meditating or simply merging my whole being with the aching beauty of the landscape . . . I remember a silly little custom I had had for years of making bark baskets and of filling them with wild red partridge berries, sprawling from the rough edges . . . I told you about it, and one day you stopped by a roadside market where they sold them. But we were on the way to the football game. We were all so excited. I had five dollars bet. And partridge berries seemed so silly and trite.

I remember once, too, I asked you about reading. "Lost Horizon" had just come out and I wondered if you felt as I did about Shangri-La. I wondered if you had wild, idealistic dreams that were glorious only for the fun of dreaming them. You had read it, but you smiled at me as if at a quaint little girl. And soon I began to lose the "feel" I had had for books. Oh I still kept up, but it seemed adolescent to spend an entire afternoon with a book and apples, curled up in an easy chair, when you and all the rest were begging to do something.

There were too many people to see and do things with. Life was a gay, happy-go-lucky person flying over the city streets and I must catch his coat-tails and swing on.

Why am I saying all this, you wonder? Perhaps because it is something I do not have the courage to say in person. And yet I think it is more than that. It is the stumbling, silly spirit of that other Jane within me who is not quite so calm and poised and aloof as she seems. She is perhaps too strongly entrenched in my nature ever to root out entirely.

And then there was the day Lucia came back from Florida. The Hunt Ball was the next week, remember: Lucia had been written to about me. She was so suddenly sweet and gracious as I was

---

---

*Crane—goodby.*

*High o'er the perch-  
filled swamps you  
fly,*

*Toward sun and sand  
and summer sky.*

*Crane—goodby.*

—Lewis Lipps, '40.

---

---

introduced to her. She seemed to thrust out subtle implications that she was glad I had amused you while she was in Florida. She was not afraid, she tried to say. Hadn't she prolonged her return two or three months for the cruise she took? Now she intended to take up where she left off. She fully intended to go to the ball with you. Not that she lacked escorts, but this would be a glorious flourishing gesture to inform everyone what complete sovereignty she held over you.

"Hunt Ball" was funny, everyone agreed each year before the ball. There was really no hunting season to celebrate. Everyone wanted a ball, Hunt Ball sounded good, so that's what it was. The hard, new me had determined you would take me. Six months before I'd have died in my stiff pride before I would have thought such a thing. I'd have leaned absolutely backwards. But now I calmly took it for granted you would ask me. I had planned to wear a white satin absolutely plain with no back and with a halter. I would be original and wear flaming hibiscus in my hair.

When you abruptly told me you were

taking Lucia, I remember how casual I was about it as though no other thought had occurred to me. You whacked at the saddle with a stick you had picked from the bush where we stopped for a minute after a hard gallop. You tried to explain that in a rash moment months before you two had planned to go together. Lucia had been a good sport, I had argued blindly to myself, about me and Ken, why couldn't I take it too? I seemed to see only pity in your eyes.

That night I wore flame chiffon and was never gayer. Jimmy Slade saw me through. You broke on me more than on anyone, but I was pleasantly casual and you looked and acted not at all like your calm self. I should have thought you of all people would have been able to handle a situation like that one.

The months that followed were different from the ones that went before. It had been fun while it lasted, I said, but I had changed. Wildly I wished I had never heard of any of you. One cloudy December day early in the month I went to walk. Why I chose that late, chilly afternoon, I did not know. The skies were sooty and streaky. I had resurrected my slacks and a baggy old sweat shirt. My hair looked neither girlishly touseled nor immaculately sleek. I sat on the stump by the fence getting colder and colder. I sneezed about six times and my nose was red, but still I sat waiting for something to move me to go on up the path toward home. It must have been something in the brush that made a slight noise, but suddenly I turned around and you were there. "Chasing rabbits,?" you asked and suddenly I was in your arms and everything was all right again. Really and truly over your shoulder a few moments later I saw a cottontail scuttling through the brush, Ken. And so tomorrow I will walk between the rows of flowers to meet you. I will be the poised, dark, slightly smiling bride in cream velvet, and none but you will know the touseled-haired Jane who wants to leap madly among the flowers and scatter their petals wildly about the lawn. Do you understand the blending of the two?

Don't be too scared tomorrow, my love.

Your Jane.



# Daffodils In The Rain

DOLORES SCHATZMAN, '39



HAVE you ever on a rainy day, when you were all alone, feeling unhappy for no other reason than that that it was such a dreary day and because you were alone,—have you ever on such a day come unexpectedly upon a field of yellow daffodils? They smiled and small drops of rain fell from their petals as they nodded to you in the wet breeze. And then, without warning, the day was suddenly bright. The sky was blue beneath the gray, the clouds seemed ready to melt at a moment's notice. The softly falling rain lent an air of enchanted mystery to your aloneness. You were ineffably happy.

Do you remember the day your best friend moved to another town? You felt as if the world of friendship had come to an end. Never again would you find someone who could be as understanding, or kind as the lost friend. Life tasted sour, and people seemed dull and stupid. As you left the station, a small, ugly child with straight, black hair, and wide, staring eyes ran into you. She smiled, shook her head in apology, and ran after her mother. But the smile lingered behind her, and you were happy knowing that people were not dull after all, and that the world was a friendly place in which to live.

At twilight when the sun sets, flamingly, behind the tall thin trees, and dusky shadows grow where before bright rays of sunshine had danced, then the world sinks into restful peace and quiet. Only the soft twittering of birds that are settling down to sleep disturbs the reflective quietness of the night. Pale frightened stars are in the east, and a thin sliver of moon is creeping over the hill. For the space of a few minutes the day is still living, and yet night is fast approaching. The peace of these minutes invades your soul, and the cares of day are but a past dream. You can rest now before the night comes with its renewal of sorrows.

On a blustery, winter day, even the thought of summer—the hot sun shining down on a gay beach, waves rushing up on the sand, and red hibiscus blooming by a white wall—even the thought of such a summer makes the day less cold, the wind less cruel. You are happy, because in contrast summer is something to look forward to, something for which to plan.

There are so many things to make you happy: wind laughing in the pines, church bells ringing in the distance, sweet clover in a field of cotton perfum-

ing the morning, blue shadows on a winter hill covered with snow, a fire blazing in a darkened room. So many things, such small things.

You see, when they are gone, there is no need for unhappiness to overtake you. You need only to call upon your memory of these things. Again you can see the sun, hear the wind in the trees, see the daffodils gleaming in the rain. Your pain is forgotten in the joy of remembrance. There is no sorrow while memory lives.





# "A Young Girl's Fancy"



## COMPENDIUM

*OUR love has been slow-growing  
Lingering down the years.  
It grew, as we grew, by a river—  
Taller because of tears.  
It came to us in a summer  
When child-hearts were gay and free  
And sun-golden hands were clasped  
By love . . . . . unknowingly.*

*Thrice or twice we lost our love,  
Or perhaps I only dreamed  
It slipped like a bright new penny  
Into this lucid stream.  
And we stood on the banks and watched  
As it sank 'neath waters blue.  
Deep was the lash that slashed our  
hearts  
For pain to youth is new.*

*Memories and old longings smouldering  
Ever in hearts that care,  
With little kindling caught fire—  
And love now seems to dare  
Us to destroy her full grown beauty  
Mellowed by constant rain,  
Grown lovelier and more radiant,  
More precious . . . . knowing pain!*

—Bascom Knight, '39.

## RETALIATION

*Darling, once you laughed too much . . .  
Your eyes were too bright . . . your  
smile  
Brittle, your words casual . . . flippant . .  
Cruel. You danced everywhere . . .  
laughing  
Laughing . . . . laughing . . . .  
Darling, once I broke your heart.  
Darling, once I read too many books . . .  
And did all conventional things . . .  
I went to peoples' teas and smiled,  
And never missed a show. And  
I sang much more frequently . . .  
You paid me back, you know.*

—Bascom Knight, '39.



## REMINISCING

*Sometimes I think of drifting summers  
I have spent with you—  
Those lazy blue days by the ocean  
Stretched on the warm clean sand  
Listening to the full-toned diapason  
Of the waters rhythmic band.  
The feel of your long brown fingers  
Ruffling my salt-sprayed hair,  
The clear ring of your sunny laughter  
And the tang of the salty air.*

*Sometimes I recall long summer nights  
Strolling by the sea with you,  
Fishing for stars from the waters deeps  
And catching a dream or two.  
I remember most our eager talk on scores  
Of vital and trivial things—  
Your tall clean strength, close-holding  
arms,  
The silence your kiss would bring.*

*Of' in my reveling I wonder about bits  
I saw you slip in your memory kit.  
Are there any duplicates of things I keep  
That you air in the moonlight—  
When the world is asleep?*

—Bascom Knight, '39.



# Scribes' Page

## THE PIGEON

*Crouched on the grass he lay frightened  
and still.  
Limply the ruffled wings strangely  
outspread.  
Lusterless eyes that so pitifully fill  
With despair, drive in the heart a cold  
dread.  
Where is the God that alone has the  
power  
To heal broken wings and to brush  
pain away?  
I stand here heart bleeding for him in  
this hour,  
Helpless to soothe or to save or to  
pray.*

—M. G. '39.

*My love's a golden cloak,  
Embroidered with wistful dreams.  
Yet no one had matched its measure,  
Such wrinkles or bulging seams!  
So sadly this spring on a silver hanger,  
'Twas hung in my closet with care.  
The baby moon laughed thru my window  
With a wise and knowing air.  
The pearl bush in the wash of the  
moonlight  
Called me to wander a bit.  
I found you—wearing my garment.  
And oh! such a perfect fit!*

—H. J. '38.



## PREVIEW

*How could I hate darkness  
That blots out form and makes me one  
with all  
Time and Being?  
Its sooty softness lifting me from harsh  
light into Reality,  
Set free from strife that light reveals in  
object and in truth,  
I quaff the peaceful unison of Eternity.  
Lying here my body undistinguished from  
rock or wood or dust of earth  
Can not my Self find its accord and  
merge into Infinity,  
And could I hate the darkness when it  
brings this boon—  
Blessed preview of a perfect death?*

—A. T., '38.

## YOUTH'S CYCLE

*In a sheath of gossamer cased,  
Breathless of rosy toes and  
Awaiting a sign of the morning  
To leap, trailing cloakfuls of billows  
--- To dance at the 'quest of the  
springtime  
Or summer or winter or fall, poised is  
Youth with his lithesome, laughing grace  
With his leaping so light and his  
yearning call.*

*Yea, youth may stand alone,  
But his playmate lingers near  
--- Whether the wind, or the clouds or  
his love,  
His thoughts, or earth's shadows purplish  
clear . . . .*

*Folding his love in the shrine of his  
heart  
And resting his thoughts therein gently  
He lightfoots his way from cloudtop to  
cloudtop  
'Til the day mother treads presently  
Past the indenture of day,  
Dons dusk's fuschia mantle  
And beckons the youth with a glance.  
She cradles him close in loving arms.  
Then into the silent majesty and  
The long intensity of night, he  
Drifts, and seeks again the mystic of  
life.*

M. W. '38.

## WANTED: A MAN

*"Just be patient, sister dear,  
And put your mind at ease;  
For you can marry (never fear)  
Any man you please."  
This my brother said to me,  
My feelings to appease,  
Adding sympathetically —  
"But oh! the men you please!"*

—M. T. '38



## BOOK REVIEW

## "THE CITADEL" By A. J. Cronin

VIRGINIA CLOWER



AS A WRITER, A. J. Cronin has made "The Citadel" an intensely interesting novel; as a doctor he has produced one of the most vivid stories of a doctor's life ever published. The book is the straightforward chronicle of Andrew Manson, a young Scottish physician, and it unfolds his career from the time he began to practice, in the little mining town of Blaenelly, South Wales, until he was acquitted before the Medical Council in London of a charge of violating professional ethics. The theme of the story is Andrew's struggle for success, and the details of his marriage, his

associations with other doctors, his work on diseases of the respiratory tract, and his brief lapse as a "society doctor", make a dramatic and gripping tale.

The characters are particularly well-drawn. Andrew is described casually as "... a spare and gawky youngster, dark, rather tensely drawn, with high cheekbones, a fine jaw, and blue eyes", but the young doctor emerges as an intelligent, high-tempered, stubborn lad with high ideals and a burning ambition. His character dominates the book, although Christine, his wife, and Philip Denny, the brilliant and erratic surgeon who be-

came his best friend are equally alive and attractive.

Dr. Cronin has handled the technical material in a memorable fashion. The passages dealing with Andrew's experiments and thesis on silicosis, the conversations of the doctors, and the discussions of medical ethics all bear the stamp of authenticity, but are intelligible and interesting to the layman.

Publishers' reports indicate that "The Citadel" will be the most outstanding best-seller of this season. It is a truly unforgettable book, enjoyable whether the reader is greatly interested in the medical world or not.

## EXCHANGES

## STARS

JEANNETTE DEAVER

No, this is not a movie chat. It is merely the "Wesleyan's" way of offering a few bouquets to those who have contributed outstanding bits in some of our contemporary college magazines.

## \* \* \* Poetry

Three stars for two artistic poems on Dawn as found in the "Prelude" from Huntingdon College.

Dawn in a City—Anne Caswell Bates.  
*Dawn in a city, piteous thing—  
 Gray, feeble light that creeps  
 So timidly down cold paved streets to  
 cling,  
 Half-frightened, to the walls, and keeps  
 A fearful watch for every ugly, sordid  
 thing  
 That cities breed.*

Dawn—Frances Cobb  
*A glow was born in a cool gray sea.  
 Ethereal, opal mist—  
 Dawn with its crimson revelry*

*Shattered the night with a crimson fist.*  
 \* \* \* Fiction

In the "Corinthian", Milledgeville, Ga., we find a short story. That is "Life Begins at Forty", by Mary Volk.

The story reveals the woman Martina

Blake, tall, dark, victim of high society, and sophisticatedly cynical—not the type she appears to be, but a poor actress, playing the role of the sophisticate to cover up the pain of her lost love of twenty years back. As a young girl of twenty, her pride had been wounded—she had given up Tony and for all these years had laughed to keep back the tears. She wanted him again, but it was too late. Now she was only "a dime store candle that has never been lit but is droopy and limp from being an ornament too long."

And to Adelaide Dunsmore Smith who writes for the Hollins "Cargoes" goes three stars for her delightful yet pathetically tender bit of a story, "The House".

Katy's mother, who had been ill and away from home for awhile, at last had come home. Katy loved this lovely creature, her mother, who loved tiny flowers and delicate things; who loved to dance and sing and do all those things that the other little girls' mothers never did. Her mother was not able to be up very long for these activities now, however. The day when Katy came home and

found herself locked out, she was hurt because her own mother would go off and leave her. It was not until her father arrived and lifted sleepy Katy from the porch chair, that she knew her mother had really gone away, never to come home again.

## \* \* \* For original articles

To the "Corinthian" goes three stars for "Interviews and Artists." These are short sketches concerning various artists who have appeared at G. S. C. W.—Harold Bauer, violinist Angana Enters, America's greatest mime, and Stuart Chase, among whose books is the well-known one "The Tragedy of Waste" concerning the waste and in efficiencies of Industry.

\* \* \* For the most well-rounded and consistently good magazine we offer three stars to "Cargoes" Hollins College Magazine. For variety of material, for originality among the student writers, for general attractiveness, for informative book reviews and moving editorials, we proclaim "Cargoes" a magazine worthy of mention. Congratulations to the staff!



# Mrs. Pepy's Diary (1937)

JOYCE TURNER, '40

Dear Diary:

That darned alarm went off at eleven this A. M. Sam always plays the cutest jokes like setting the alarm hours ahead of time. Mary brought me in "Brunch" at eleven-thirty and that set me to worrying. Although I hate to admit it she has that something that makes men's hearts go haywire . . . even the strongest, and I know how susceptible Sam is. I guess one has to put up with a few rivals for a cool million.

Had Bertha give me a facial and do my nails. . . . Black with platinum tips. Quite fetching, but I can't see that they fetched much. Wore my slinky black satin down to Schraff's to meet Tony. He gets more infatuated every day. That's the way with artists, so impressionable. He even begged me to sit for him, but as I couldn't do it without Sam's knowing, thought it better not to tax his good nature too much before Christmas. Especially when he has his eye on that diamond wristwatch.

Nothing much tonight except that Sam went to the Club Royal for his weekly poker party, so he says. Jim Stevens dropped by for a little tete-a-tete and had the nerve to give unfavorable comments on the Martini. Suggested that we go "stepping", but I foxed him. Thought to myself, it's not going to be my feet tonight, Big Boy, that get sacrificed. I haven't been able to get my gold sandals fixed since the last time he took me dancing. Just had time to shove Jim out the back way when Sam pops in unusually early and as usual inebriated. Hobbs put him to bed. Good old Hobbs. . . . valet a la mode. Just thought I'd scribble this tonight. Goodnight, it's past three-thirty.

Dear Diary:

This has been the most hateful day of my life. I feel like crying. Never have I been so humiliated, insulted, and embarrassed right before all last year's debts too. I'll begin at the beginning. Sam mooned around all this morning with an awful hangover, and of course didn't go

to the office. I was in an awful pickle. Tony was coming over to take me to Moon Beach for the day, and there was Sam right in on everything. I didn't know where to phone Tony to tell him to hold off for awhile 'til I got Sam away. Finally I knew that Tony would be along any minute and I also remembered that revolver of Sam's that he wasn't timid in using, so I just had to do something. I told Sam that the brokerage office called and wanted him right away . . . very important. Sam was furious and wanted to call up the old geezers but I wouldn't let him. Finally he stamped out in a huff and not five minutes later Tony came. Tony and I had marvelous time all day. The beach was crowded with people, goodlooking bronzed life guards and last year's society leftovers. Tony never looked at another woman but me. I'm not conceited but I do share everyone's opinion that my thirty-five years rest rather lightly on me, and I did look good in that black swimming model . . . umph!

I was in an awful hurry to get home 'cause I knew Sam would roar if I wasn't there when he came, but Tony persuaded me to phone Hobbs and tell him to tell Sam that I was dining with Mazie. I just couldn't resist. . . . Tony is so masterful. The orchestra was lovely . . . ravishingly handsome leader too . . . tall and vibrant looking. I smiled as I passed him, and the very next piece he played was "The Way You Look Tonight", dedicated, he said to the most beautiful lady on the dance floor. And can you imagine . . . he looked straight at me. Tony said that he was really dedicating it to me, but of course I don't believe him.

There were some beautiful gowns. Some rather noticeable ones too. We danced close to Milly Jenkins, the loveliest bud of last season; I noticed that she had her corsage pinned on with a common safety pin. Jenny Downs looked awful shoddy with the same dress that she came out in two seasons ago . . . and that hair of hers . . . it's coming in dark





again. You've got to keep those platinum rinses up or it's just hideous. Tony called my attention to the fact that the Bradleys had plain whiskey and soda on their table. We both remembered the day that champagne was none too good for them.

Tony begged me to get a divorce after the fifth Manhattan and I was in a state—not knowing what to say and not wanting to hurt the poor boy, when who should plop down at the table next to us but MY SAM and Mazie. I just couldn't say anything. It was awful. Tony saw too and tried to get me to dance but I refused. Oh very nonchalantly and smoothly . . . I never lose my poise, especially before Sam. I just sweetly turned and tapped Sam on the shoulder. The expression on his face! It'd stop a clock! It did me good to see him squirm. Mazie, the little minx, is quite as clever as I about some things, and she never so much as batted an eyelash. Of course they joined Tony and me, and we carried it off very nicely. Sam insisted that he had to leave early but I wouldn't hear to it and we all went home together at three-thirty.

I didn't say much to Sam once I got him home, but what I did say was enough. I'm getting that diamond wrist watch for Christmas with a new Packard thrown in. Maybe I'll wait for that divorce until next year.

### BEAUTY QUEEN

*She walks in beauty, like a queen  
With blushing cheeks and liquid eyes;  
Her hair a radiant rippling sheen,  
Her lips blood-red as carmine dyes,  
Her wistful smile that naught could  
mean  
But what its wicked curve implies.*

*One shade the more, one coat the less,  
And all those layers on her face  
Might well have been a pretty mess.  
But from much practice she can trace  
Her lips, her brows with proper stress,  
Just as an expert plays an ace.*

*So thanks to Ponds and Camay Soap  
To Miraglo and Listerine  
Our lovely vision still has hope.  
And though she's not an artist's dream  
She doesn't sit around and mope,  
But walks in beauty like a queen.*

—Annie Comolli, '40.



### AFTER APRIL

*April in this valley  
Is a fragil wisp  
Of beauty crowned with myrtle,  
Robed in rainbow-mist.  
Her streaming hair is sorrow  
For departed winter,  
And her tears the graves  
Of dead seed open up  
To life. Then suddenly  
She laughs, and earth warms with  
A breath of color, scent  
Of violets, dancing winds.  
She hesitates a moment,  
Smiles at flower faces,  
And then passes through  
The mountains, restless seeking,  
Hungry for the fruit  
Of buds that she had found  
In other years and loved,  
Yet had not seen the promised  
Growth, nor tasted of the  
Ripened joy, nor touched  
The finished beauty of  
Her incompleated dreams.*

—M. G., '39.





# The Shrine of a Modern Maiden

EDNA NELL RICHARDS, '40

*I followed a fair maiden to her shrine. With slow, careful step she slipped into the sanctuary. At the threshold she stood poised momentarily with eyes closed, the pungent fragrance of incense enveloping her. The faint rustling of her silk robe shattered the reverent quiet. Flickering light of slim, stiff candles flecked her wan, pale face with glancing shadows. Reverently she trod luxurious oriental rugs, rich, crimson, soft,—pools of blood on an amber floor. Her dark, passionate eyes swept past a graceful table, a curious jar, a fascinating ebony chest, a quaint twisted thing of carved grinning faces, past a low chair piled high with velvet cushions, black and silver. Presently she knelt before a shining altar, graceful cobweb lace against dark polished wood. Murmuring a prayer, she touched the*

*sacred things: a monogrammed toilet set; a vain little ivory box with a tiny range of powder Alps reflecting a sunset glow*

*When we parted I thought then  
That I should never feel deeply again.*

*I saw no gold behind the gray  
Of a rainbow dimmed by tears that day.*

*I found no solace in the dream  
Of calmer loves of things unseen.*

*Only I felt the horror of leaving,  
The endless blackness of silent grieving.*

*Now that once more you will be near, I  
know*

*'Twill be harder still to let you go.  
—Joyce Turner, '40.*

*from a pink statuette above it; a frivolous powder puff with gold lace frills; a heavenly perfume atomizer of amethyst glass, spun from the fragile surface of tiny bubbles; a mocking china imp, sitting cross-legged on a base of hammered bronze; a bright green bracelet, coiled like a serpent; and, close beside it, a small ruby-set ring, flashing in a wilderness of pink and white.*

*Twilight deepened the cathedral gloom. The maiden arose from the altar a radiant, sparkling beauty! Her mouth was soft and red; eyes, warm and tender; cheeks, faintly flushed; straight blue-black hair, brushed back from a high forehead. Exotic! Lovely! Pausing at the threshold, she breathed a grateful prayer to the goddess of beauty. Then with an assured, quick step, she left the shrine.*

## Southeastern Greyhound Lines

TRAVEL BY BUS

FAST ■ CONVENIENT ■ COMFORTABLE

**Union Bus Terminal**

PHONE 4970

Wesleyan Always  
Welcome

AT

**THE WISTERIA**

Next door to Ritz Theatre

**R. A. McCord Motor Co.**

Authorized Dealer

215-221 SECOND ST.

PHONE 11

Parts --- Accessories --- Service

Macon, Georgia

DRINK

**Coca-Cola**

LUMBER — ROOFING — PAINTS

**Central Sash & Door Company**

Store  
354 Second St.

Factory  
Waterville Road

Compliments of

**GULF STATION**

Forsyth and Hardeman

W. Hoyt Wansley and Robert Frederick, Jr.